

G. R. V. M. S. N. S.

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

In Imitation of the ANTIENT GREEK, Theatrical Feasts

as perform'd at the

KINGS THEATRE in the HAY MARKET

By M.^r Tenducci.



*Te dulcis conjux te solo in Litore secum
Te veniente diu, te decedente canebat
Tænarías etiam fauces, alba ostia ditis
Et caligantem nigra formidine Lucum
Ingressus manusque adiit, regemque tremendum
Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.*

Virgili Georgicon Lib. IV.

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Italian Band 2

O R P H E U S
AND
E U R Y D I C E,
A
MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN IMITATION OF
The Ancient Greek Theatrical Feasts.

AS PERFORMED AT
The KING'S THEATRE in the HAYMARKET.

The POETRY by
The Celebrated COUNCELLOR CALSABIGL.

With ADDITIONS and ALTERATIONS
By **SIGNOR A. ANDREI.**

L O N D O N:
Printed by J. JARVIS, No. 283, in the Strand.
MDCCLXXXV.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.]

O R P H E U S

R U R Y D I C E

THE ADVENTURE OF DRAMA

The Adventure of the Technical Theatre

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TECHNICAL THEATRE



THE ADVENTURE OF THE TECHNICAL THEATRE

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L O N D O N

Printed by J. Smith, No. 10, in the Strand.

1885

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TECHNICAL THEATRE

TO THE PUBLIC.

HAVING concluded an agreement with the Directors of the Opera for the representation of Orpheus, I now take the liberty shortly to hint some things concerning myself, and my undertaking, which is no light one; recommending myself at the same time to the generous protection of this nation, whose benignant encouragement I have experienced from my earliest years.

The celebrated Caffariello, under whom I studied Music from my infancy, obtained for me, by the means of Master Cocchi, an invitation to England, as the Second Singer in the King's Theatre in this capital, although I was then not above fifteen years of age.

After a short stay in this island, Dr. Arne having persuaded me to remain, introduced me as a First Singer at Covent Garden Theatre, in the Opera of Artaxerxes. The success of this Opera, the applause which I received, and the kind and favourable attention which was paid me, made me take such a liking for this country, that I thought no more of returning home. But Prince Giustiniani, Director of the Argentine Theatre at Rome, being then in this city, and being pleased with my manner of singing, persuaded me by various arguments to accept the office of First Singer in that Theatre.

I left London with infinite regret, and as I passed through Florence, in my way to Rome, the Grand Duke of Tuscany was pleased to make a point of it that my first performance as a Singer in Italy should be in the Theatre of my own country. He himself selected the Opera of Orpheus, in which he chose that I should sing. The effect of this performance, I must be permitted to say, was great, as can be attested by many English people of distinction, who were present. His Royal Highness shewed himself so much satisfied with me, that being inclined to give me a very certain
proof

proof of it, he appointed me First Singer of his Band, an honour which had been eagerly sought by Manzoli, by Guarducci, and by many other capital Singers, who were actually in the service of the Grand Duke.

After this I sung in Rome, and in several other cities of Italy; and I was every where treated in the kindest and handsomest manner. But while it appeared to every body that there was nothing left for me to wish, I felt in my bosom a great desire to return again to England. It seemed to me every hour that I heard a voice and an unknown power which called on me, and attracted me to this illustrious city, the protectress of persons of genius, of whatever country.

Yielding then to the strong impulses of my inclination, I returned to England, where, in the course of many and various turns of fortune, my obligations to the Nobility and the Public in general being much increased, to shew upon my part that I am not at all ungrateful, I have resolved humbly to present to them that same Orpheus, which was so much applauded at Florence, by persons of the first rank, and of the purest and most refined taste in Music.

Many noble personages of both sexes, to whom I have communicated my design, have generously deigned to approve of it, which has animated me to prosecute it, and bring it forth with greater confidence.

The Directors of the Opera, in conjunction with M. Lepicq, have done, and will do all in their power, that this Opera shall be worthy of your approbation.

Works in themselves truly excellent, after the lapse of some years, come to be regarded anew with favourable attention, even by Fashion itself. Hence it is that their Britannic Majesties, and so great a number of noble personages, take a delight in hearing frequently a concert of Ancient Music. In the Opera
of

of Orpheus, which I have the honour to present, besides the Music of Gluck, of Bach, and of some other famous masters, there are introduced several pieces by the immortal Handel, which I hope will delight you much more than many musical compositions which have nothing new but the name. If things are looked at with an attentive and discerning eye, many, many of them that are produced as new, are so only in some external changes. Varying a little the form of things, is sufficient to gain them the name of novelties. Now I shall certainly appear to you upon the stage, where I am resolved to do all that I possibly can to please you.

I am to have no other advantage from this arduous undertaking but a single Benefit. If I have the good fortune to obtain your applause, I may reasonably flatter myself with the hopes of your generosity. Either of these will confer the highest happiness on him who, with profound respect, and the utmost gratitude, acknowledges himself

Your most obedient,

Most humble, and

Most obliged servant,

GIUSTO FERDINANDO TENDUCCI.

No. 63, Dean-street, Soho.

Saturday, May 7, 1785.

THE ARGUMENT.

ORPHEUS, a *Thracian*, the son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, bewailing the untimely death of *EURYDICE*, was permitted by Fate to descend into the Infernal Regions, and bring her back to the World, on condition that he should not look behind, till he came to the light. *Orpheus*, by the power of his Music, penetrated into the *Elysian* Fields, but not being able to refrain his impatience, the moment he looked at her, who followed him, she disappeared, and he lost her for ever.

The catastrophe is changed for the sake of the Opera.

See *Virgil's* IV. Book of the *Georgics*,
And VI. Book of the *Æneids*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORPHEUS,	-	Mr. <i>TENDUCCI</i> .
EURYDICE,	-	Signora <i>FERRARESE</i> .
CUPID,	-	Mademoiselle <i>SIMONET</i> .

CHORUS.

Director and First Chorus Singer, Mr. WEBB.

SOPRANOS.

Master BATLEMAN,	Master DORION,
Master CLARK,	Master HOLLOWCOMB,
Master MARQUETTE,	Master CORFE,
Master A. ASHLEY,	Master B. ASHLEY,
Master C. ASHLEY,	Master —

CONTRE TENORS.

Mr. RENNOLDSON,	Mr. GUICHARD,
Mr. HORSEFALL,	Mr. SALMON.

TENORS.

Mr. DORION,	Mr. HOBLE, R,
Mr. WEBBE, jun.	Mr. GOWER,
Mr. STEELE,	Mr. —.

BASSES.

Mr. DANBY,	Mr. JOHN DANBY,
Mr. SALE,	Mr. BOYCE,
Mr. SMART,	Mr. PEMBERTON.

T H E M U S I C

B Y

Cav. CHRISTOPHER GLUCK:

With the Additions of the late celebrated

JOHN CRISTIAN BACH:

And with the CHOICE of several Favourite PIECES of

Mr. H A N D E L.

The whole (with many new Additions and Alterations)
under the Direction of

Signor PASQUALE ANFOSSI.

First Violin and Director of the Orchestra,

Mr. C R A M E R.

The Harp,

Monfieur C A R D O N.

T H E D A N C E S

COMPOSED BY

Monf. CHARLES LEPICQ.

PRINCIPAL DANCERS.

Monfieur LEPICQ and Madame Rossi;
Signor ANGIOLINI and Signora ANGIOLINI;
Signor ZUCHELLI, Mr. HENRY, Monf. FREDERICK, and
Madame BITHMORE;
Monfieur NIVELON and Mademoiselle DORIVAL.

FIGURE DANCERS.

Mr. A. HENRY,	Miss JULIAN,
Mr. COUNLE,	Miss TRENIER,
Mr. DUGUENE,	Madam DAIGUIVILLE,
Mr. SALA, jun.	Miss HERVEY,
Mr. KINCEN,	Miss SALA,
Mr. SALA, sen.	Miss FUSI,
Mr. TERRY,	Miss WOODCOCK,
Mr. VIGANO,	Miss COOPER,
Mr. BLURTON,	Miss PARICH,
Mr. MENADE,	Mrs. VIDINI.

The Scenes invented and painted by
Mr. NOVOSIELSKI.

The Dresses invented and executed by
Signor SESTINI.

C

EXPLA-

EXPLANATION *of the* FIRST BALLET.

REPRESENTS the funeral feasts which the ancients celebrated upon the tombs of their dead, which consisted in offering sacrifices and perfumes, in strewing flowers and pouring milk and wine about the tomb; on the most solemn days they also used to introduce young people dressed as Geniusses, with proper attributes, who represented the peculiar or more distinguished actions of the deceased. Also in this Ballet, around the tomb of Eurydice are seen weeping Geniusses in the characters of little Loves, one of whom, representing Hymen, extinguishes his torch, expressive of the conjugal disunion caused by the death of Eurydice.

EXPLANATION *of the* SECOND BALLET

PLUTO appears sitting on a superb throne in the centre, with a door on each side, one of which leads to Elysium, and the other to the Infernal Regions. As soon as this scene is discovered, at the sound of a symphony which announces horror, troops of Furies surround the throne. Pluto informs them, that an audacious mortal dared to enter his dominions, in order to pass into Elysium to recover his wife, whom Death had ravished from him; and therefore commands his Spectres and Dæmons to frighten him, and oppose his passage. This action is interrupted by the sweet harmony of Orpheus's lyre; they all run towards that part from which they hear the enchanting sound, and remain a while fixed and attentive to hear it. Pluto, finding that the music of Orpheus is likely to have effect, descends from his throne, and coming among them, encourages them to torment and prevent Orpheus from passing into Hell. They then begin to sing a horrid chorus, dancing with lighted torches in their hands, and running to oppose Orpheus's entrance into Hell. The moment he appears upon the scene, they instantly rush towards him, and try to frighten him on all sides with horrible threats; but Orpheus continuing to play and sing in an affecting mode, excites by degrees some pity in them for his misfortunes, and at last, instead of preventing him from going into Elysium, they shew him the way, and Orpheus departs.

EXPLA-

(11)

EXPLANATION *of the* THIRD BALLET.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THIS Ballet is personated by the blessed Spirits that inhabit Elysium. It runs at different times through all this act, intermixed with the action and songs of Orpheus and Eurydice, as will appear marked in the book in the proper place.

LAST BALLET.

ACT III.

CHORUS of Heroes, Heroines, and Genii, in different attitudes, celebrating, by various expressive dances, the triumph of Love. At some distance from them, a great number of Shepherds and Shepherdesses express great joy for the return of Orpheus and Eurydice. Cupid lights with his own the extinguished torch of Hymen, and exchanges it with him. A great and joyful Dance of them all ensues, which ceases suddenly, the moment Orpheus begins to sing an Hymn to Love, which ends with a full Chorus of all the Singers and Dancers.

ATTO

A T T O P R I M O.

SCENA PRIMA.

Orfeo e Seguaci.

Ameno ma solitario boschetto di allori e cipressi, che ad arte diradato racchiude in un piccolo piano la Tomba d'Euridice. All' alzarfi della tenda al suono di mesta sinfonia si vede occupata la scena da uno stuolo di pastori e ninfe seguaci di Orfeo, che portano ferti di fiori, e ghirlande di mirto; e mentre una parte di loro arder fa dei profumi, incorona il marmo, e sparge fiori intorno alla Tomba, intuona l'altra il seguente Coro, interrotto da' lamenti d'Orfeo che disteso sul davanti sopra d'un sasso, va di tempo in tempo, replicando appassionatamente il nome di Euridice.

C O R O.

Ah se intorno a quest' urna funesta
Euridice ombra bella t' aggiri
Odi i pianti, i lamenti, i sospiri,
Che dolenti si spargon per te.
Ed ascolta il tuo sposo infelice
Che piangendo ti chiama e si lagna
Come quando la dolce compagna
Tortorella amorosa perdè.

Orfeo.

Basta, basta, o compagni:
Il vostro lutto
Aggrava il mio: spargete

Purpurei

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.

Orpheus and Chorus.

The Tomb of Eurydice in a grove of laurels and cypress. The curtain rises to a mournful symphony, and discovers several shepherds and nymphs, attendants on Orpheus, holding wreaths of flowers and garlands of myrtle; and whilst part of them scatter incense, crown the Tomb with their wreaths, and strew flowers around it, the other part sings the following Chorus, interrupted by the lamentations of Orpheus, who, reclined on the pedestal of the Tomb, from time to time passionately repeats the name of Eurydice.

CHORUS.

If here amidst these melancholy groves,
Eurydice, thy beauteous semblance roves,
O pause a while!—our streaming sorrows see,
The silent sacrifice to love and thee;
And view, with pity view thy husband's woe,
Who weeping calls thee from the shades below.
With Comfort's friendly beam illumine his breast,
And sooth, Oh! sooth his harrafs'd soul to rest.

Orpheus. RECITATIVE.

Enough, enough: oh! gentle friends, your grief
Adds force to mine, tho' breath'd for my relief,

D

With

(14)

With flowers bestrew this melancholy shrine,
Friendship is yours, but sighs and fears are mine.
Leave me—my soul shall ne'er its peace resume,
It sleeps, for ever sleeps in this cold tomb.

[Orpheus retires, while his followers conclude
the funeral dance.]

A D A N C E.

At the end of the dance, is the following chorus.

C H O R U S.

If here amidst these melancholy groves,
Eurydice thy beauteous semblance roves,
O pause awhile!—our streaming sorrows see,
The silent sacrifice to love and thee.

S C E N E S E C O N D.

*The scene changes to an inner grove near the tomb of Eurydice,
which is seen on one side of the stage.*

Orpheus alone.

I seek the fair, who here in death,
Resign'd to fate her roseate breath;
On this ill omen'd shore,
Sad echo's voice alone replies,
To love that breathes these plaints and sighs,
For she has felt its power.

Orpheus.

Gods, cruel Gods! ye pale inhabitants
Of Acheron,

Whose

(15)

Purpurei fiori, inghirlandate il marmo,
Partitevi da me : restar vogl' io
Solo frà quest ombre funebri e oscure
Coll' empia compagnia di mie 'sventure.

[Si ritira Orfeo intanto che si finisce dai seguaci il
Ballo funebre di già spiegato al cominciamento
del libro.

B A L L O.

*Alla fine del quale intonano il seguente Coro accompagnato
dall' istesso Ballo.*

C O R O.

Ah se intorno a quest urna funesta
Euridice ombra bella t' aggiri
Odi i pianti, i lamenti, i sospiri
Che dolenti si spargon per te.

S C E N A S E C O N D A.

*Si cambia la scena in un piccolo recinto d'alberi adiacente al
sepolcro d' Euridice, che si vede da un lato della scena.*

Orfeo solo.

Cerco il mio ben così
In queste ove morì
Funeste sponde
Ma solo al mio dolor
Perchè conobbe amor
Eco risponde

Orfeo.

Orfeo.

Numi! barbari numi!
D'Acheronte, e d' averno
Pallidi abitator, la di cui mano
Avida delle morti
Mai difarmò, mai trattener non seppe
Beltà nè gioventù. Voi mi rapiste
La mia bella Euridice
(Oh memoria crudel!) ful fior degli anni:
La rivoiglio da voi, numi tiranni.
Ho core anch' io, per ricercar full' orme
De più intrepidi eroi, nel vostro orrore
La mia sposa, il mio ben.

Amore.

T' assiste amore.

[Si sente una voce in lontananza la quale procedente
d'allegria finfenia denota esser stata quella d' amore
il quale discendendo dal suo carro parla così ad
Orfeo.

Orfeo della tua pena
Giove sente pietà. Ti si concede
Le pigre onde di Lete
Vivo varcar. Del tenebroso abisso
Sei sulla via: se placar puoi col canto
Le furie, i mostri, e l' empia morte, al giorno
La diletta Euridice
Farà teco ritorno.

Orfeo.

Ah! come? ah! quando?
E possibil sarà?—spiegati.

Amore.

Avrai

Valor che basti a questa prova estrema?

Orfeo.

Whose slaughtering hand were never yet disarm'd
By youth or beauty---your relentless doom
Has snatch'd from earth my lov'd Eurydice,
In flow'ry bloom of years---distracting thought!
From you I claim her---yes, impitying powers,
I have a heart impels my steps to tread
The hero's path, and seek my wife belov'd,
'Midst your infernal horrors.

[A voice is heard at a distance, preceded by a sweet symphony, when Love appearing, descends from his chariot, and speaks to Orpheus.

Cupid.

Love shall lend
His friendly aid, know Orpheus, mighty Jove
With pity views thy grief, and gives thee power,
Alive to pass o'er Lethe's silent waves.
The dire descent is near, and if thy lays
Can charm the furies, death and hell appease,
Thy lov'd Eurydice with thee once more
Shall re-ascend to light.

Orpheus.

What do I hear?

And can it be---O! speak.

Cupid.

Hast thou the strength
Of mind to meet such trial.

Orpheus.

Shall I fear

When my Eurydice is made the prize?

E

Cupid.

Orfeo.

Numi! barbari numi!
D'Acheronte, e d' averno
Pallidi abitator, la di cui mano
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Thy lov'd Eurydice with thee once more
Shall re-ascend to light.

Orpheus.

What do I hear?

And can it be---O! speak.

Cupid.

Hast thou the strength
Of mind to meet such trial.

Orpheus.

Shall I fear
When my Eurydice is made the prize?

E

Cupid.

(18)

Cupid.

Yet learn the terms on which alone success
Shall crown th' attempt.

Orpheus.

O say——

Cupid.

Eurydice

Thou must not see, nor dare to cast a look
On her thou lov'st, before thy parting step
Has left the Stygian caves, nor must to her
This great decree be known ; but should'st thou fail
To keep the fatal law, again she's lost,
And lost for ever !—whilst a wretched outcast
Thou liv'st the sport of destiny.—Farewell !

SONG. *Cupid.*

Guard well thine eyes,
Thy words suppress ;
The mournful sighs
Of deep distress,
Thy labouring breast no more shall know,
How oft in sight
Of her he loves,
Distress, affright,
The lover proves,
Nor dares to gaze, or speak his woe.

[Exit Cupid.]

Orpheus solus. RECIT.

What have I heard ? Shall dear Eurydice
Revive ? Shall I again ?—Ah no ! stern Fate
Forbids to view her charms. Must these fond eyes

Averted

Orfeo.

Mi prometti Euridice, e voi ch' io tema !

Amore.

Sai però con qual patto
L' impresa hai da compir.

Orfeo.

Par la.

Amore.

Euridice

Ti si vieta il mirar, finchè non sei
Fuor degli antri di Stige ; e il gran divieto
Rivelarle non dei ; se no : la perdi,
E di nuovo, e per sempre ; e in abbandono
Al tuo fiero desio
Sventurato vivrai. Pensaci ; addio.

A R I A.

Gli sguardi trattieni,
Affrena gli accenti.
Rammenta che peni,
Che pochi momenti
Hai più da penar.

Sai pur che talora
Confusi tremanti
Con chi gl' innamora
Son ciechi gli amanti
Non fanno parlar.

(Gli sguardi D. C.)

[Parte Amore.]

Orfeo solo.

Che disse ! che ascoltai ! Dunque Euridice
Vivrà, l'avrò presente. Edopo i tanti
Affanni miei, in quel momento in quella

Guerra

Guerra d'affetti io non dovrò mirarla,
 Non stringerla al mio sen! Sposa infelice
 Che dirà mai? che penserà? Preveggo
 Le smanie sue! comprendo
 Le angustie mie! nel figurarlo solo
 Sento gelarmi il sangue
 Tremarmi il cor. Mà lo potrò: lo voglio:
 Ho risoluto. Il grande
 L' insoffribil de' mali è l'esser privo
 Dell' unico dell' alma amato egetto:
 Assistetemi, oh Dei; la legge accetto.

A R I A.

La legge accetto, oh Dei.
 Barbara legge ingrata!
 Mà trema nel mio petto
 Nell accettarla il cor.

[Orfeo parte.]

S C E N A T I R Z A.

Reggia di Plutone, espressa dai colonnami superbi, adornati di pietre preziose, ma interrotte dalle fiamme che circondano, ed abbracciano le colonne, e si dissolvono in fumo nella soffitta; magnifico trono in prospecto con due grandissime porte, una alla sinistra e l'altra alla destra del trono, la prima che ammette all' Inferno, e l'altra agli Elisi. Nell'alzarsi la tela si scuopre Plutone assiso nel suo trono, e all'intorno del trono e sparsi & il teatro molti truppi di Furie, e di Spettri; Plutone spiega ad essi, che un presuntuoso mortale ardisce di voler penetrare all' Inferno per passare agli Elisi, e per riprendersi la sposa tolta a lui dalla morte: ordina dunque a loro di spaventarlo, e far tutto nel loro potere & impedirgli il passo. Quest'azione

Averted turn away, whilst she extends
 Her arms to press me to her panting heart ?
 What will she say ? What think ?—My tortur'd soul
 Foresees the pangs, the cruel pangs must rend
 Her tender breast, and freezes at the thought.
 Must I then lose her ?—No !—ye pitying Gods
 Assist me to fulfil your harsh decree.

SONG. *Orpheus.*

Gods ! I accept your cruel terms,
 The cruel terms I still detest ;
 But while my tongue the league confirms,
 My heart recoils within my breast.

[Exit *Orpheus*.]

SCENE THIRD.

The palace of Pluto, with stately pillars adorned with precious stones ; thick wreaths of flame and smoke are seen among the pillars. A magnificent throne, with a gate on each side ; the right leading to Hell, the left to Elysium. Pluto is discovered seated on his throne, around which appear companies of Furies and Spectres. Pluto tells them that a presumptuous mortal has dared to penetrate into Hell, in order to pass into the Elysian Fields to recover his wife, who had been taken from him by death. He gives directions to the Furies and Spectres to terrify him, and obstruct his passage. In the mean time the harmonious sound of the harp of Orpheus is heard from the gate that leads to Hell. All run towards the gate,

F

and

and during the time of the symphony remain immoveable, in various attitudes of attention. Pluto observing that all are vanquished with the notes of the harp of Orpheus, urges them with threats. A part remain singing the following chorus. Pluto orders the rest to follow him, and prepare to terrify Orpheus.

CHORUS of FURIES.

What mortal, since the days
Of valiant Hercules,
Or brave Perithous,
Ventur'd to Erebus
Infernal road?

A dance of Furies with flambeaux and preparatives to frighten Orpheus.

What mortal, since the days
Of valiant Hercules,
Or brave Perithous,
Ventur'd to Erebus
Infernal road?
Horror must seize his soul,
When dread Furies appear;
Cerberus' dreadful howl
Must fill his mind with fear,
If not a God.

In the course of the preceding chorus, the gate opening, discovers Orpheus; the Furies use all their endeavours to terrify him, but upon his beginning the following prayer, they all remain in attitudes of surprize.

Enter

*azione viene interrotta dall'armonia della lira d'Orfeo che
parche venga dalla porta che ammette all'Inferno; corrono
tutti verso la detta porta, e tutt' il tempo che sentono il suono,
restano immobili in diverse attitudini ad ascoltarlo. Plutone
vedendoli di già quasi vinti dal suono della lira d' Orfeo, viene
frà loro e con le minacce incoraggendoli intanto che parte
resta verso la porta intuonando il seguente coro, ordine Plutone
al resto di seguirlo & provvedersi di faci, e preparativi per
atterrire Orfeo.*

C O R O.

Chi mai dell' Erebo
Fralle caligini
Sull' orme d' Ercole
E di Piritoo
Conduce il Pie ?

*Siegue il ballo delle Furie che sortono da diverse parti delle scene
colle faci, alla fine del quale s' unisce il ballo con il se-
guente coro. E tutte assieme vanno a situarsi verso la porta
dell' Inferno e formano una barriera per impedire ad Orfeo il
passaggio, ma verso la fine dell' coro spalancandosi la porta dell'
Inferno entra Orfeo fra loro, e cominciando a suonare s' av-
vanza nell' Inferno.*

C O R O e B A L L O.

Chi mai dell' Erebo
Fralle caligini
Sull' orme d' Ercole
E di Piritoo
Conduce il Pie ?
D'orror l' ingombrino
Le fiere Eumenidi
E lo spaventino
Gli urlì di Cerbero
Se un Dio non è.

Nel

Nel corso del sopraddetto coro, essendosi aperta la porta, ed apparso Orfeo, le Furie cercano di far tutto il loro possibile per spaventarlo, ma cominciando egli la seguente, preghiera restano in attitudini di sommo sdegno, ma ascoltandolo con sorpresa.

Orfeo.

Deh ! placatevi con me
Furie, larve, ombre sdegnose.

Coro.

No.

Orfeo.

Vi renda almen pietose
Il mio barbaro dolor.

Radolcite e con espressione di qualche compatimento, ed avendo le Furie lasciate le faci, vengono intorno ad Orfeo placate.

CORO e BALLO.

Misero giovine !
Che vuoi ? che mediti !
Altro non abita,
Che lutto, e gemito
In queste orribili
Soglie funeste.

Orfeo.

Men tiranne ah voi fareste
Al mio pianto, al mio lamento,
Se provaste un sol momento,
Cosa fia languir d' amor.

Sempre più raddolcite le Furie cantano il seguente coro ritirandosi, e mostrando ad Orfeo la porta degli Elisi che s' apre.

CORO.

Enter Orpheus.

S O N G. *Orpheus.*

Hear, O hear, O hear a suppliant's prayer,
Furies——

Chorus.

No.

Orpheus.

Spectres.

Chorus.

No.

Orpheus:

Tremendous shades.

Chorus.

No.

Orpheus.

Pity, pity my despair,
And relieve a wretch's woe.

C H O R U S.

Oh ! lost, unhappy swain,
What can'st thou hope to gain
In these unblest abodes,
Of melancholy cries,
Of unavailing sighs,
And gloomy Gods ?
Ah ! say (where Furies dwell)
What sweet and plaintive spell
Constrains us by degrees
To change the stern decrees
Confirm'd in Hell ?

G

Orpheus.

Orpheus. SONG.

O look with pity on my passion,
View my torments and despair;
Yield, O yield to soft compassion,
And alluage a lover's care.

CHORUS.

Ah ! say (where Furies dwell)
What sweet and plaintive spell
Constrains us by degrees
To change our stern decrees,
Of rage disarm'd ?
Unguarded, now you see
Access secur'd and free ;
The massy gates behold
On brazen hinge unfold,
By music charm'd.

At the departure of Orpheus, the Furies and Spectres begin to retire behind the scenes, singing the last strophe of the chorus, continuing the same at a distance, and ending in a confused murmur.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

(27)

C O R O.

Ah ! quale incognito
Affetto flebile
Dolce a sospendere
Vien l' implacabile
Nostro furor.

Le porte stridano
Su' neri cardini
E il passo lascino
Sicuro e libero
Al vincitor.

[Le Furie mostrano ad Orfeo la
porta degli Elisi che s' apre ed
ei parte subito.]

*Appena partito Orfeo cominciano a ritirarsi le Furie ed i Mostri,
e dileguandosi per dentro le scene, cantando l' ultima strofa del
coro, che continuando sempre frattanto che s' allontanano, fi-
nisce finalmente in confuso mormorio.*

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

ATTO

Orpheus. SONG.

O look with pity on my passion,
View my torments and despair;
Yield, O yield to soft compassion,
And assuage a lover's care.

CHORUS.

Ah ! say (where Furies dwell)
What sweet and plaintive spell
Constrains us by degrees
To change our stern decrees,
Of rage disarm'd ?
Unguarded, now you see
Access secur'd and free ;
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ACT

C O R O.

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Su' neri cardini
E il passo lascino
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coro, che continuando sempre frattanto che s' allontanano, fi-
nisce finalmente in confuso mormorio.*

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

ATTO

A T T O S E C O N D O .

S C E N A P R I M A .

Campi Elisi : rappresentati in una deliziosa, per i boschetti, che vi verdeggiano, e fiori che rivestono i prati, i ritiri ombrosi, che vi si scuoprono, i fiumi ed i ruscelli che li bagnano.

Quest Atto comincia per un Ballo d' ombre fortunate abitanti negli Elisi, alla fine del quale si scuopre Euridice seguita da un coro d' eroi, ed eroine.

Euridice.

CHIARI fonti, ermi ritiri,
Spiagge amene, ombre beate,
Se frà voi non è il mio bene
Non sperate,
Che dia tregua ai miei martiri
L' amoroso mio pensier.
Fin che stà da me diviso,
Ah per me non è l' Elizo
Un soggiorno di piacer.

(Chiari fonti D. C.)

Siegue qui Ballo dei principali Ballerini che innocentemente cercano di consolare Euridice, intrecciato con il corpo del Ballo alla fine del quale Euridice indirizzandosi a loro canta il seguente recitativo.

Euridice.

Deh lasciatemi in pace ombre onorate
Fra quest ermi ritiri

Sfogare

A C T S E C O N D,

SCENE FIRST.

The Elysian Fields, represented by delightful groves and verdant meadows, decked with flowers, and enriched with streams and rivulets.

A dance of happy Ghosts, inhabitants of Elysium; at the end of which, Eurydice is discovered with a company of heroes and heroines.

SONG. *Eurydice.*

CRYSTAL fountains ! calm retreats !
Blissful shades ! delightful seats !
If I find not Orpheus here,
Orpheus o'er each blessing dear,
Hope not e'er my throbbing heart
Shall gain a truce from amorous smart ;
Torn from him—I know no rest ;
Nor can Elysium make me blest !

Here a dance of the principal dancers to divert Eurydice ; at the end of which, Eurydice addresses them in the following recitative.

RECIT. *Eurydice.*

In vain, alas ! ye strive to calm my woe,
Ye honour'd shades—my tears must ever flow ;

H

MY

My Orpheus, ever present to my view,
 In broken sighs still breathes a last adieu:
 The wound is yet fresh bleeding in my heart.
 Time may, perhaps, his lenient aid impart,
 And sweet oblivion sooth my mind to peace.
 Ah no!—'tis vain—my sorrows ne'er shall cease.

SONG. *Eurydice and Chorus.*

Eurydice.

Of every tender, fond delight,
 That virtuous breasts may move,
 Of all that can to bliss invite,
 The gentle source is love.

Chorus.

Of all that can to bliss invite,
 The gentle source is love.

Eurydice.

Ah! what for hapless me remains,
 Should Heav'n averse refuse
 To keep my soul's corroding pains
 In sweet oblivion's dews?

Chorus.

Of all that can, &c.

Eurydice.

'Tis then, O suffering heart, alone,
 Amidst these blest domains,
 Shouldst teach the happy ghosts to moan
 In pity to my pains.

Chorus.

Of all that can, &c.

Sfogare i miei sospiri. Ah troppo ancora
 Del mio sposo fedel l'immagin bella
 E' presente al mio cor. Troppo rammento
 Quanto l'amai, come il perdei. Col tempo
 Forse chi sà si spargerà d'oblio
 Questo inquieto desio che mi tormenta
 E allora—Ah no! Non farò mai contenta.

Se a un casto petto;
 D'ogni dolcezza
 D'ogni diletto
 Sorgente è amor.

Coro.

D'ogni diletto
 Sorgente è amor.

Euridice.

Che far degg'io,
 Se il ciel non sparge
 D'un dolce oblio
 Il mio dolor?

Coro.

D'ogni diletto
 Sorgente è amor.

Euridice.

Tu solo in queste
 Selve beate
 Destar pietate
 Devi o mio cor.

Coro.

D'ogni diletto
 Sorgente è amor.

Alla

Alla fine dell' Aria e ritiratafi Euridice il corpo di Ballo che resta sulla scena vien sorpreso di veder da lontano arrivare un mortale, onde si ritirano con atti di somma meraviglia dentro le scene.

Entra Orfeo.

Orfeo.

Che puro ciel ! Che chiaro sol ! Che nuova
Serena luce è questa mai ! Che dolce
Lusinghiera armonia formano insieme
Il cantar degli augelli,
Il correr dei ruscelli
Dell' aure il sussurar ! Questo e il foggiorno
De fortunati eroi, Qui tutto spira
Un tranquillo contento
Mà non per me. Se l' idol mio non trovo
Sperar non posso.

[Qui vengono sulla scena un coro d' ombre, ammirando Orfeo, e ballandoli intorno con atti di somma compiacenza.

———— Ah si demandi a questo
Che mi viene a incontrar stuolo beato ;
Ov' è di questo cor l' idolo amato.

A R I A.

Guidatemi pietose
Al ben di questo cor
Bell' alme avventurose.
Se mai provaste amor.
Pria che la pena acerba
Sciolgami in pianto amaro
Ditemi ove si verba
L' amato mio tesor.

C O R O

At the end of the air, Eurydice being retired, the chorus remaining on the stage are surpris'd to see a mortal at a distance, and retire with astonishment behind the scenes.

Enter Orpheus.

RECITATIVE.

What radiant light ! How bright the sun ! What new,
What pure serenity o'erspreads the sky !
What heav'nly melody combine to form
The brooks soft murmur, and the whisp'ring breeze,
And birds sweet warbling—Lo ! the blissful seat
Of happy heroes, where a tranquil joy
Reigns uncontroll'd to charm their blest abode.
Here all conspire to breathe content and peace,
But not, alas ! to me. I cannot hope,
Unless I find my love.

[Here a number of shades appear on the stage, looking at Orpheus with astonishment, and dancing round him with great complacency.

Ah ! let me seek

From this approaching happy band to know,
Where dwells the dearest idol of my heart.

SONG. *Orpheus.*

Blest inmates of this hallow'd feat,
If e'er you felt love's gentle dart,
Direct to her my eager feat,
To her whose image fills my heart.
Ah ! tell me yet—ere mighty grief
Dissolves this frame in briny showers—
Tell me—and give my pains relief—
Where dwells the fair my soul adores.

(Blest inmates D. C.

CHORUS.

(34)

CHORUS.

Happy mortal ! See before you
The reward of love and glory ;
Nuptial faith thy steps attending ;
Constancy thy hopes befriending ;
Eurydice resumes her charms,
Love restores her to thy arms.

SONG. *Orpheus.*

Ah ! happy souls ! if e'er you pity feel,
Deny not pity to a bleeding heart ;
Forgive the transport of a lover's zeal,
That sends him here to seek his dearer part.
Without her presence, these unfading bowers
To me will prove no seats of blissful rest :
Without her presence, ne'er the circling hours
Will peace restore to this afflicted breast.

CHORUS.

Let no more vain fears appal thee,
Haste, where love and beauty call thee ;
Beauty, every charm possessing ;
Love, on earth thy greatest blessing—
All thy toils and dangers past,
Virtuous love is crown'd at last.

At the beginning of the last chorus, Eurydice is conducted by a company of heroines to Orpheus, who, without looking at her, with an earnest action takes her by the hand, and leads her out. A dance of heroes and heroines. The Chorus follow Orpheus and Eurydice till they may be supposed to have left the Elysian Fields.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT

(35)

C O R O.

Vieni a' regni del riposo
Grande eroe, tenero sposo
Raro esempio in ogni età.
Euridice amor ti rende •
Già risorge, già riprende
La primiera sua beltà.

A R I A. Orfeo:

Alme belle se pietate
Non si niegla a un cor amante,
Il trasporto perdonate
Che mi spinge al caro ben.
Senza lei neppure in questo
Di contento albergo vero,
Che ritorni io più non spero
La sua calma a questo sen.

C O R O.

Torna o bella, al tuo consorte
Che non vuol che più diviso
Sia da te pietoso il ciel.
Non lagnarti di tua sorte
Che puo dirsi un altro Eliso
Uno sposo sì fedel.

Al principio di quest' ultimo coro da uno stuolo di principali eroine vien condotta Euridice vicino ad Orfeo il quale senza guardarla, e con atto di somma premura la prende per mano, e la conduce subito via, seguita in scena ballo d' eroi ed eroine, ed il coro seguita Orfeo ed Euridice continuando il coro in lontananza fino che si possa supporre che Orfeo ed Euridice sono fuori degli Elisi.

FINO DEL ATTO SECONDO.

ATTO

A T T O T E R Z O.

SCENA PRIMA.

Oscura spelonca, che forma un tortuoso laberinto, ingombro di massi staccati dalle rupi, che son tutte coperte di sterpi, e di piante selvagge.

Esce Orfeo conducendo Euridice per mano sempre senza guardala.

Orfeo ed Euridice.

Orfeo.

VIENI, siegui i miei passi,
Unico amato oggetto
Del fedele amor mio.

Euridice.

Tu vivi? Io vivo?

Come? Ma con qual arte!
Mà per qual via?

Orfeo.

Saprai tutto da me per ora

[Con premura.

Non chieder più, meco t' affretta: e il vano
Importuno timor dall' alma sgombra:
Ombra tu più non sei, io non son ombra

Euridice.

Che ascolto! E farà ver!

Orfeo.

Si mai speranza;
Mà tronchiam le dimore,
Mà seguiamo il camin

Euridice.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.

A dark cave, forming a kind of labyrinth, with rough rocks covered over with brambles and wild plants.

Orpheus leading Eurydice by the hand without looking at her.

Orpheus and Eurydice.

Orpheus.

COME my belov'd, pursue my faithless step,
Sole object of my truth.

Eurydice.

And dost thou live?

Am I restor'd to life? What wond'rous art—
What ways unknown!

Orpheus.

Thou shalt be told it all—
But yet forbear—O haste!—and form thy soul;
Dismiss each anxious fear—a shade—no more—
Thou liv'st :—in me behold thy loving spouse.

Eurydice.

What do I hear?—Is't possible?

Orpheus.

'Tis true:

My only hope!—but let us waste no longer
The precious time—away——

K

Eurydice

Eurydice.

My gentle heart
O'erflows with tenderness—to find thus !
To see my Orpheus to these eyes restor'd !
But ah ! I weary thee—

Orpheus.

O ! never, never—
But know— (O cruel law) *Eurydice*,
Forfake this dismal place.

Eurydice.

What sudden gloom
Comes o'er thy soul in such an hour of joy.

Orpheus.

(What shall I say !—I fear'd this fatal trial)

Eurydice.

Not one embrace !—not speak—at least a look.

Orpheus.

'Tis dangerous to behold thee—

Eurydice.

Faithless man
Is this thy greeting ?—Dost thou then deny
A look to her whose love might surely claim
One fond embrace, one chaste connubial kiss ?

Orpheus.

(O cruel pains !) but haste—forebear—no more.

[Takes her by the hand to lead her.]

Eurydice.

Orpheus.

Orpheus.

My wife.

Eurydice.

(39)

Euridice.

E un dolce sfogo
Del tenoro amor mio, nel primo istante
Che tu ritrovi me, ch' io te te riveggo,
T' annojà Orfeo?

[Mesta, e risentita ritira lamano.

Orfeo.

Ah ! non è ver : ma sappi
Senti (legge crudel) bella Euridice
Inoltra i passi tuoi.

Euridice.

Che mai t' affanna in sì lieto momento?

Orfeo.

(Che diro ? lo prevedi : ecco il cimento.)

Euridice.

Non m'abbracci ! non parli ! guardami almen.

[Tirandolo per che la guardi.

Orfeo.

E sventura il mirarti.

Euridice.

Ah infidoe queste
Son l'accoglienza tue ! mi neghi un sguardo,
Quando dal caro amante,
E dal tenero sposo
Aspettarmi dovea gl' amplexi ei baci !

Orfeo.

(Che barbaro mrrtir !) mà vieni, e taci.

[Sentendola vicina la prende per la mano e vol condursela via.

Euridice.

Orfeo !

Orfeo.

Sposa !

Euridice.

(40)

Euridice.

E fia vero, che tu non m'ami?

Orfeo.

E dove ti trasporta un tuo vano timor!

Euridice,

Tutta s'ingombra l'alma oh dio di terror.

Orfeo.

Più fiera in vista, mai non vidi la morte.

Euridice.

Ohime! vacilla—tremail fuol—manca il pie—

[S'appoggia sopra il braccio d'Orfeo.]

Orfeo.

Sposa! Idol mio!

Con tale orore in petto

Accogli il mio venir?

Euridice.

Ma che far deggio?

Orfeo.

Consolarti mio ben;

Vedrai, vedrai del tuo sposo fedele

Il più tenero amor.

Sol questa speme

In vita mi trattiene.

Euridice

Guarda.

[Girandole intorno e volendolo sorprendere.]

Orfeo.

Non posso.

[Rivoltandosi dalla parte opposta per non vederla.]

Euridice.

Spegati almen!

Orfeo.

Non deggio.

Euridice:

(41)

Eurydice.

Am I no longer loved—

Ah ! 'tis too true—

Orpheus.

And whether would thy vain,
Thy causeless fears !

Eurydice.

What anguish fill my soul.

Orpheus.

Not death itself could strike such deep dismay.

Eurydice.

Alas ! I sink—the ground too shakes—my feet begins to fail
[Leaning on Orpheus.

Orpheus.

My wife !—my souls' dear hope !
And dost thou welcome then thy husband thus
With heart o'erwhelming horror.

Eurydice.

O ye powers !

Say, whether shall I turn.

Orpheus.

Be yet composed
Thy faithful consort soon shall pay thee all
The tenderest love can claim. This hope alone
Still makes me cherish life.

Eurydice.

Yet look upon me,

[Endeavours to catch his eyes.

Orpheus.

Alas ! I dare not.

[Turning aside.

Eurydice.

Then disclose at least
What hidden cause.

L

Orpheus.

(42)

Orpheus.

I must not—cannot speak.

Eurydice.

O cruel fate ! O my disastrous love.

D U E T T O.

Orpheus.

Ah ! calm the transports of thy soul,
Compose thy thoughts, thy fears controul,
Thy grief shall pass away.

Eurydice.

Alas ! no mighty heart I know,
To meet immov'd this tide of woe,
I feel my powers decay.

Orpheus.

Alas ! my life !

Eurydice.

Ah ! spouse belov'd !

Orpheus.

O Heaven !

Eurydice.

Alas ! I can no more !

Orpheus and Eurydice.

What friendly power will aid impart,
To soothe the pangs that rend my heart ?

Orpheus and Eurydice.

My heart is cleft within my breast,
A sea of woes forbids my rest ;
Ill boding stars in heaven I see,
And ah ! no pity lives for me.

Orpheus.

Euridice.

Oh crudel morte,
Sventurato amor mio,
Barbara forte.

D U E T T O.

Orfeo.

Lascia pur l'ingiusto affetto—
Ti consola amato bene
Sarà breve il tuo penar.

Euridice.

Non ho' il cor sì forte in petto
Che resista à tante pene
Posso appena respirar.

Orfeo.

Ah mio ben !

Euridice.

Mio sposo amato.

Orfeo.

Vieni, oh Dio !

Euridice.

Mancar mi sento.

Orfeo ed Euridice. A DUE.

Deh chi mai nel mio tormento
Consolarmi oh Dio potrà.

Orfeo ed Euridice. A DUE.

Ho diviso il cor nel petto
Sento in seno un mar d'affanni
Veggio in Cielo astri tirrañni
Che per mè non v'è pietà.

Euridice.

Euridice.

Qual vita è questa mai,
 Che à vivere incomincio! E qual funesto
 Terribile segreto Orfeo m'asconde!
 Perché piange e s'affligge?—ah non ancora
 Troppo avvezza agl' affanni
 Che soffrono i viventi; a sì gran colpo
 Manca la mia costanza!—agl' occhi miei
 Si smarrisce la luce. Oppresso in seno
 Mi diventa affannoso
 Il respirar. Tremo—Vacillo---e sento
 Frà l'angoscia e il terrore,
 Da un palpito crudel vibrarmi il core.

A R I A.

Che fiero momento!
 Che barbara ferte!
 Passar dalla morte
 A tanto dolor.
 Avvezza al contento
 D' un placido oblio
 Frà queste tempeste
 Si perde il mio cor.

*Che fiero D. C.**Orfeo.*

(Ecco un nuovo tormento.)

Euridice.

Amato sposo
 M' abbandoni così! Mi struggo in pianto,
 Non mi consoli! I duol m' opprime i sensi,
 Non mi soccorri!—Un' altra volta o stelle!

Dunque

Eurydice.

And do I live again to leave to woe!
 What means my Orpheus!—O what fatal secret
 Lurks in his breast!—and why from me conceal'd?
 Why does he weep and sigh?—Alas! not yet
 Enur'd to bear the woes the living feel,
 I shrink beneath this stroke!—he shuns with fear
 To meet these eyes!—Ah me! my labouring bosom
 Heaves thick with stifled anguish—scarce these limbs
 Support their trembling frame—while grief and dread,
 With cruel conflict rend my bleeding heart.

—A. I. R.

Dire moments' fate without relief,
 To pass from death to careless grief,
 My heart in late oblivion blest,
 Thus tost in storms no more shall rest.

Orpheus.

(What now, unheard of torture)

Eurydice.

Dearest comfort,

Thus wilt thou leave me---not one soothing word
 To calm the grief that harrows up my soul,
 Alas! thou hearest me not---there was a time!
 And must I die without one kind embrace,
 A last farewell!

Orpheus.

(I can no longer hold,
 Reason, by slow degrees, forsakes her seat,
 The laws! Eurydice---myself---affliction)

[Orpheus, in the act of turning, recollects himself.

M

Euridice.

(46)

Eurydice.

My Orpheus,
My life---alas ! I faint.

[Sits on a rock.

Orpheus,

O no !---thou still
Shalt live---hear then---alas ! thou little knowst——
(But whether am I going---cruel powers,
How long must I endure these pangs of hell)

[About to look.

Eurydice.

When I am dead---remember yet——

Orpheus.

Distraction,
My heart is torne--I can resist no longer,
I rave---I'm lost---thou treasure of my soul.

[Turns and looks at her.

Eurydice.

What do I feel---O heavens I faint ! I die !

[Dies.

Orpheus.

Alas ! where am I---whither am I hurry'd,
By frantic love---Eurydice ! my wife !
My wife ! Eurydice ! she lives no more !
In vain I call---ah wretch again she's lost,
And lost for ever---O fell monster, Death,
O dire decrees---O cruel recollection ;
No hope, no council more---where e'er I turn
My dreadful sufferings rise with round me ;
Be fated ruthless fate---despair, and madness.

AIR.

Dunque morir degg' io,
Senza un amplesso tuo—Senza un addio!

Orfeo.

(Più frenarmi non posso. A poco a poco
La ragion m' abbandona: oblio la legge,
Euridice, e me stesso.) Eu——

[In atto di voltarsi, e poi pentito.

Euridice.

Orfeo——Conforte——

Ah——mi sento——languir—— [Si getta a sedere sopra un sasso.

Orfeo.

No, sposa——ascolta—— [In atto di voltarsi e guardarlo
e con impeto.

Se sapeffi——(Ah che fo)——E fino a quando
In quest orrido inferno dovrò penar?)

Euridice.

Ben——mio——ricordati——di——me——

Orfeo.

Che affanno!—Ah! come mi si lacera il cor!
Più non resisto!—

Smanio: fremo: deliro—Ah mio tesoro——

[Si volta con impeto e guardandola.

Euridice.

Giusti Dei che m' avvenne—Io manco—Io moro——

[Alzandosi con forza, e tornando a cadere muore.

Orfeo.

Ahime! dove trascorsi? Ove mi spinse

Un delirio d' amor.

Sposa!—Euridice?—

Euridice!—Conforte!—Ah più non vive

La chiamo in van. Misero me! La perdo——

E di nuovo, e per sempre! O legge! O morte!

O ricordo crudel! non ho soccorso,

Non

Non m' avvenza consiglio. Io veggo solo,
(Oh fiera vista!) il luttuoso aspetto
Dell' orrido mio stato :
Sazziati forte rea : son disperato.

A-R-I-A.

Che farò senza Euridice ?

Dove andrò senza il mio ben ?

Euridice !—Oh Dio !—rispondi—

Io son pure il tuo fedel !

(Che farà D. C.

Euridice !—Ah ! non m' avvanza

Più soccorso—più speranza—

Ne dal mondo, ne dal ciel !

(Che farà D. C.

Mà ! finisca e per sempre—

Colla vita il dolor. Del nero averno

Sono ancor sulla via : lungo cammino

Non è qualche divide

Il mio bene da me. Si : aspetta, o cara

Ombra del idol mio. Ah ! questa volta

Senza lo sposo tuo non varcherai

L' onde lente di Stige. [Vuol ferionfi.

Eutra Amore levando il pergnale di mano ad Orfeo.

Amore.

Orfeo che fai ? Questo furore

Calma, deponi, e riconosci Amore—

Orfeo.

Ah fei tù ti ravviso : a che venisti ?

In sì fiero momento, che vuoi da me ?

Amore.

A I R.

Without Eurydice, ah! where,
Forfaken must I rove,
Eurydice—reply, my fair,
For still unchang'd I love.

Eurydice no help remains,
Can ought avail my woe;
No hope to sooth my careless pains,
Can heaven or earth bestow.

But Death can all—behold behold me still,
I black Avernus' path—a little space
Divides me from my wife.—It shall be so,
Tarry a while dear shade of her I love,
Without thy husband shalt thou cross no more
The silent waves of Styx. [Offers to kill himself.

Love, wresting the dagger from Orpheus.

Love.

What meanst thou, Orpheus?
Calm, calm, thy rage and see that Love is here?

Orpheus.

I know the well, but wherefore com'st thou now?
What seek'st thou in this hour of anguish?

N

Love.

Love.

I come to make the blest—enough thy sufferings
To work my glory—Orpheus to thy arms,
I render back thy lov'd Eurydice.
Thy constancy is prov'd—behold she rises,
Again to call the her's. [Eurydicy rises, as from sleep.

Orpheus.

What do I see !

O God !---my wife—

[Runs to embrace her.

Eurydice.

My comfort !

Orpheus.

Do I hold thee !

Eurydice.

And do I clasp thee to my breast !

Orpheus.

What transport

Can equal what what I feel !

Love.

Come, happy lovers !

Haste to the world, and taste the joys ye merit.

Orpheus.

O rapturous day !

Eurydice.

O blest eventful moment !

Love.

One joy of mine rewards a thousand sorrows:

*At the sound of these words the horrid scene is suddenly changed
to the Temple of Love.*

SCENE

Amore.

Farti felice. Affai
Per gloria mia soffristi. Orfeo ti rendo
Euridice il tuo ben. Di tua costanza
Maggior prova non chiedo. Ecco risorge [Salza Euridice come
Ariunirsi con te. svegliandosi da un-
profondo sonas.

Orfeo.

Che veggo ! Oh numi ! Sposa— [Con sonpresa corre ad Abbra-
Euridice. ciane Euridice.

Conforte !

Orfeo.

E pur t' abbraccio.

Euridice.

E pure al sen ti stringo !

Orfeo.

Ah quall' riconoscenza mia—

Amore.

Basta, venite avventurosi amanti,
Usciamo al mondo, ritornate a goder.

Orfeo.

O fausto giorno ! O Amor pietoso !

Euridice.

O lieto fortunato momento !

Amore.

Compenza mille pena un mio contento.

*Dicendo quest ultime parole Amore si trasforma istannaneamente
quest orrida scena, nel Tempeo d' Amore, come siegue.*

SCENE

SCENE ULTIMA.

MAGNIFICO TEMPIO D'AMORE.

Si scouprono in diverse attitudini cor d' eroi ed eroine, di genj, e di pastori, e pastorelle che son venuti per celebrare il ritorno d'Orfeo, ed Euridice. Nel mezzo vedesi situato Imeneo colla face che fu spenta nella prima scena del Opera, Amore riaccende la face ad Imeneo, indi scambiano vicendevolmente le loco faci. Il tutto forma un allegro ballo, che viene infine interretto da Orfeo il quale intuona il seguente inno seguito poi dal unione del Coro e del Ballo,

Orfeo.

Trionfi amore
E' il mondo intero
Serva al impero
Della beltà.
Di sua catena
Talvolta amara
Mai fù più cara
La libertà.

C O R O.

Trionfi amore E. D. C. unito col ballo.

Amore.

Talor dispera
Talvolta affanna
D' una tiranna
La crudeltà.

Ma

SCENE LAST.

MAGNIFICENT TEMPLE OF LOVE.

In this place are discovered, in different attitudes, Heroes, Heroines, Genii, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, who are assembled to celebrate the return of Orpheus and Eurydice. In the middle is a statue of Hymen, with his torch, which was extinguished at the beginning of the piece. Love lights it again, and they join their torches together.

Orpheus.

Let Love triumphant spread his fame,
And all the subject world proclaim,
Imperial Beauty's reign :
Not Liberty more dear we prize,
Than Beauty's strong, but pleasing ties,
That lover's hearts detain.

CHORUS.

Let Love triumphant, &c.

Love.

Tho' cruel oft, the unpitying fair,
With anxious pains, with deep despair,
Afflicts the lover's breast ;
Compassion soon resum'd her sway,
Bids her soft balm his griefs allay,
And lulls each care to rest.

CHORUS.

Let Love triumphant, &c.

O

Euridice.

(54)

Eurydice.

When Jealousy our peace annoys ;
His cruel venom Faith destroys ;

But Faith again returns :
Suspicion then, the lover's bane,
Is chang'd to blifs, and Love again,
With flames rekindled, burns.

C H O R U S.

Let Love triumphant, &c.



F I N I S.

(55)

Mà poi la pena
Ollia l' amante
Nell' dolce istante
Della pietà

C O R O.

Trionfi amore, &c. (D. C. col Ballo:

Euridice.

La gelosia
Strugge e divora,
Mà poi ristora
La fedeltà.
E quel sospetto
Che il cor tormentà
Alfin diventà
Felicità.

C O R O.

Trionfi amore, &c. (D. C. con Ballo.)

F I N E.

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T. C. col. Ball:



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